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EVIDENCE.

A STATE of polarisation is not peculiar to matter, whether ponderable or ethereal. Intellect has its poles, as crystals and light have theirs. There are some minds so constituted that they imbibe at once, without doubt or question, any statement which may be laid before them; there are others whose instinct leads them to reject or deride even the most probable and moderate assertions; and between these two extremes of credulity and scepticism there is room for every conceivable shade of belief, and its opposite. It is no easy task, therefore, to define Evidence with any degree of accuracy; and yet we all acknowledge its value to the human race in every relation of life. Does the reader need an illustration? Let him go with us to the county town, now all astir with the bustle of assize. Hark! how the trumpets bray and twang forth their brazen pæans as the legal pageant marches in. See! the long array of javelinmen, perhaps arrayed as Tudor beef-eaters, or Charles II.'s cavaliers, if the high-sheriff be a gentleman of long purse and antiquarian taste; the carriages, the band, the satellites of Themis. In that coach, accoutred with full-bottomed wigs, scarlet robes, horse-hair, ermine, and all the haberdashery of law, sit those awful beings, her Majesty's lords-justices. They are coming in to hold the royal courts of oyer and terminer in the old dignified way. They will deal forth civil and criminal justice to many, will award damages for broken hearts and bones, eject from estates, nonsuit pretenders, and doom numbers to oakum-picking and penal servitude. But there is a mightier stake yet to be played for—life for life, blood for blood—since this is no maiden assize, when Mr Sheriff smilingly presents my lords with white kid gloves, and their lordships congratulate the county that Cain's brand is on none of its children. There is a murder-case to be tried, and with redoubled interest do the bystanders gaze at the fine coach, from whose windows the judges nod a stately salute in answer to the cheering. Opposite to Baron Rhadamanthus and Justice Minos sits the sheriff, with his back to the horses, dressed in a new court-suit, and rather uneasy about the obtrusive sword that is sure to slip between his ankles as he bows my lords into their lodging. Some three hours after comes on the top of the coach, or by second-class rail-car, a very important servant of the commonwealth, who glides modestly into the town, who courts no notice, and before whom no trumpets twang nor javelinmen parade—Calcraft the hangman.

They are all there, the ministers of Themis, and to-morrow they will open the courts with due pomp

and swearing in of juries, grand, special, and petty, and the work of the assize will begin. But there is one little element needed for attaining the ends of justice, without which all the queen's horses and all the queen's men, the Baron and the Justice, Mr Sheriff in ruffles and silk hose, the ornamental javelinmen in plumed hats and slashed satin doublets, the useful blue-clad police, the bench of magistrates and box of jurors, and even Calcraft himself, can do nothing. Evidence is the thing lacking—Evidence, personified by Marjory Turniptop, a most valuable witness, suddenly missing. Hark, how the vaulted roof of the court-house resounds to the crier's voice, bawling for Evidence, in the shape of Marjory Turniptop. In the very street, in the market-place itself, there are stentorian tipstaves, and town-serjeants in gold lace and cocked-hats, roaring for Marjory Turniptop. Distracted attorneys run here and there, like hounds when the fox is in cover. Where is she? Where can she be? She is invaluable, indispensable; she knows all about it; it was to her that the prisoner made those fatal admissions; she saw this; she heard that; she, and she alone, can knit the halter round the neck of the guilty wretch now in the dock, behind the spiked rail and the sweet herbs. The murmur and buzzing increase. Where is this woman, this witness? Spirited away, no doubt, by the prisoner's friends. Most disgraceful negligence on the part of the prosecution! She ought to have been looked to, watched, locked up, to prevent any tampering. Crown counsel are all to blame, seniors and juniors; so are the attorneys; so is Mr Sheriff, who plays pantaloons' part throughout, and who is now shaking in his buckled shoes at every reprimand or rebuff from the cross old judge, and wondering whether he shall be fined for his neglect. We can fancy the attorney-general rising to justify himself: 'Not my fault, my lud!' Very well. Send Superintendent Walker and intelligent Detective Spry in search of her. And while Walker and intelligent Spry ferret out the fugitive, and while the prisoner is removed from the bar, and sits in a back room, gasping, anxious, with blotches of red on his white face, and listens like a couchant hare for the dread music of the pack, let us slip out too.

Let us visit the other court, the Civil Side, as lawyers term it, where business goes briskly on, although there is plenty of standing-room. Why? Because the superior interest of the drama played on that other stage has sucked away all but a very thin audience. So we have elbow-room enough, perhaps even a seat on the bench, if we have a justice-of-the-peace air about us. Evidence, we find, is in great demand here also; it is the motive-power that urges all this grand display of

legal machinery. Without it, or with an inferior or damaged article, nothing can be done. Peep over that clerk's shoulder at the roll of causes. Nineteen nonsuits already, as I live! Nineteen applicants for redress have already been turned from the doors of Themis—sent empty away, like wandering paupers from the gates of St Stonyheart's workhouse. And don't fancy all these plaintiffs were of necessity in the wrong, greedy rogues, or frivolous complainants, or bull-headed blunderers. Some of them were good men and true, honestly asking relief from genuine ill-usage. It was evidence which failed them: moral presumption there was; legal proof there was not. 'Rule refused, Mr Batters!' is the hard but necessary fiat with which Baron Rhadamanthus is obliged to crush the hopes of a well-meaning suitor. Evidence takes many shapes. Just now, we saw it assume the form of a bundle of old love-letters, yellow old love-letters, frayed and soiled, which were handed in as Evidence in the great case of Lovibond v. Gadabout—breach-of-promise case—damages enormous, and the first *nisi prius* talent on both sides. It is not always that Evidence takes a form so amusing. No farce could be more successful. The reading out of those ardent epistles, full of orthographic blunders, bathos, fond names, and poetry original or borrowed, was constantly drowned by peals of mirth. How jovially did Serjeant Bilkins 'bring down the house,' as he commented on them, as he turned them inside out for the contempt of jury and people; and how the wretched defendant writhed and winced at the laughter and jokes, even before that swingeing verdict of a thousand pounds to heal the wounded heart of the fair Lovibond.

But the next case is called; no breach of promise to marry, but the violation of a contract to pay. It is all about money, and accounts, and goods, and work done; and it is traversed on such and such a ground, and sets-off are pleaded, and there is plenty of legal fencing, also plenty of cross-swearing and counter-statement: a good case this by which to test the practical value of Evidence. Four-and-forty witnesses for the plaintiff, nine-and-thirty for the defendant, besides some documents. You see the witnesses marshalled in regular files, under the officership of solicitors' clerks, all along the corridor and across the waiting-rooms. They ought not to be, by rights, exposed to the dangerous prompting they would receive in court by hearing the statements of others. Now Mr Solicitor-general opens the case, and opens his brief and heart as well for the edification of the enlightened jury. He draws a graphic picture, and lays on the colours with a masterly hand, boldly, firmly, but daintily. Quickly the conviction dawns on spectators and jury that the plaintiff is a very ill-used man, and a very honest man, and that the justice of his cause is clear as the noonday. They plainly follow out that rascal the defendant in all his course of chicanery, greed, and crime; they see through his subterfuges, and pity his victim with all their hearts. And when Mr Solicitor ends his peroration by delicately hinting that the criminal court would, but for the imperfection of law, have been the arena wherein to decide that dispute, and the dock thereof the proper abiding-place of the defendant, why, the jury and spectators shake their heads, and mentally condemn that individual to a long imaginary term of penal servitude.

Then up rises Grinder, Q.C., and begins a long and eloquent discourse. He has an up-hill fight at first: jury and spectators are prepossessed against him, but gradually the charmer's voice prevails. Grinder, Q.C., tears to pieces the web of legal sophistry spun by his learned brother. Grinder, Q.C., pulverises the shallow arguments which the jury has lately heard; he substitutes fact for fiction, he thunders, wheedles, draws tears from female audience, gives a plain practical statement of the plaintiff's villainy and the defendant's candour, and, in fact,

earns his retainer like a man. When he sits down, jury and spectators have their doubts whether any secondary punishment, however severe, would quite meet the deserts of that atrocious knave, the plaintiff. In due time, of course, Baron Rhadamanthus does his best to clear the bemuddled brains of the jury; he tells them in a few simple words that have the ring of resistless truth in them, that they may dismiss from their minds all the results of the rhetorical tournament between Mr Solicitor and Grinder, Q.C. The statements of those bewigged gentlemen not being made upon oath, are airy, unsubstantial nothings. They are of no weight at all in the diamond scales of Justice. The tales told by witnesses on oath, and strictly sifted in that court, are all the jury must look to. It is for the judge to tell them the law; it is for the witnesses to depose to matters of fact; and it is for the jury to decide in intellect and conscience how far they believe the witnesses, and to find a verdict accordingly; and so forth. All very good, true, and right. But it is impossible but that the brains of the jury should reel a little after all the oratorical fireworks, sometimes enforced by clenched fists, uplifted hands, appeals to Heaven, cambric handkerchiefs, and even tears, which Mr Solicitor and his learned brother have let off for their bewilderment. Now for the witnesses.

Evidence, that tricky sprite, takes a new form. We have got it in the witness-box, perhaps in bonnet and veil and shawl, fine or shabby, perhaps in broadcloth, possibly in a slop suit of clay-besmeared corduroy. At any rate, we have got it in a box like a low pulpit, with a greasy little book, bound in black, clutched in its unwilling hand, and about to be pressed to its reluctant lips. A hot official, who has a fierce appetite for shillings, gabbles over the words of an oath with irreverent hurry: the book is kissed, and the witness is sworn to tell, not only the truth, but all the truth, and nothing else. A phoenix of a witness would that he should literally fulfil the terms of the oath. I fear we may search far and wide for such a rare bird as that, such a black swan among the white ones; and yet we must do our work in the world with such tools as we can get, and try to hit the golden mean as best we can. The examination in chief begins. It is never esteemed as important as the succeeding cross-examination. Very often, a witness enters court well primed, and runs through a long statement with a glibness due to frequent rehearsals. The uninitiated, the profane outsiders, whether jurors or public, are carried away by the tide of voluble assertion; but those who know *Æneis* well, the veterans of Westminster, are not thus affected. The judge is blinking like an owl asleep, as some people rashly suppose, though not a word escapes him. The bar, closely packed beneath, grin with forensic scorn from time to time, or whisper short comments to one another. The attorneys below the bar cast darkling looks at the loquacious witness, and know what is to happen. Up gets Grinder, Q.C., with a faint sneer visible about the angles of his expressive mouth. He addresses himself to the judge first, in much the same half-apologetic manner that he would employ in asking him to take wine at the old-fashioned bar-mess. 'My lud—your ludship's permission;' and so forth. For what? To sift the witness like wheat, to winnow his testimony like grain, to clap on a mental thumbscrew, and apply a moral rack. The torturer falls to work; and so well does he do that work, that in less than half an hour the model witness finds the witness-box transformed into a pillory, and himself a self-convicted liar, retracting, stammering, involved in mazes of contradictions, and at every answer making flaws in his original story, through which a ghastly light breaks in. Every now and then, Mr Solicitor jumps to his feet, and does battle for the witness who favours his client. Mr Solicitor is

sure that such and such is a leading question, and something else ought not to be asked, and as Grinder will not yield, both appeal to the judge; and they batter the judicial ears with quotations and authorities, and make a hard fight, until one is worsted.

But if cruel Grinder gibbets the witness in so pitiless a way when the bias is against the defendant, very different is his conduct when he has one of his own witnesses under his hands. Then how tenderly Grinder treats him; what patience and gentleness he evinces; how playful is the manner in which he extracts all he wants, bit by bit, discreetly checking the utterance of whatever would prove harmful. In his turn, Mr Solicitor skirmishes around, objecting to this question, cavilling at that, and finally seizing on hostile Evidence, embodied in human shape, and browbeating or puzzling it without mercy. The witnesses are strictly classified. So many belong to plaintiff, so many to defendant; to simple truth and public spirit, none, practically speaking. But the wily Grinder and his astute foe know well that the most valuable admissions can be drawn from one of the enemy. The confessions of an unfriendly witness are music in the ears of a cross-examining counsel; but how to extort those confessions is the rub. And then, Evidence is so chameleon-like, ever varying. You have to deal with the sullen witness, the too willing witness, the indifferent witness, who stares about him, is rebuked for careless answers, and replies to each question with the most provoking apathy. There is also the conscientious witness, a rare specimen, who is horribly flurried and perplexed, and scarcely able to speak out for downright anxiety; also the nervous witness, who keeps a ragged handkerchief pressed to her streaming eyes, and who weeps when asked what she knows; also the suspicious witness, who will not commit himself in any way, who won't tell his birthplace but under pressure, and who objects to revealing the trade he follows, lest it should be made a handle for persecution. There is the defiant witness, who screws up her mouth alarmingly tight, scowls, and casts scornful glances at the court. This last form of Evidence is very trying to all concerned, as thus: 'Your husband, Mrs Gubbins, is a carpenter?' To which Evidence replies, with a sniff of contempt: 'Cabinetmaker and j'iner; and why not?' 'You were present during the two last interviews, were you not?' and so forth; to which Evidence retorts: 'Perhaps I were, sir; and no harm neither, I presume.'

Cross-examining barristers find big voices and black looks of little avail with this refractory form of feminine Evidence, and seek to mollify the dragon by compliments. It is a legal maxim, and one of venerable antiquity, that witnesses may be divided into three classes or qualities—positive, comparative, superlative: men, women, and children; and of these three sections of humanity, legal experience declares women to make the very worst, and children the very best witnesses conceivable, men occupying a mediocre or negative position. The reason of this distinction between adults is not that women are falsers, or less honest, naturally, than their husbands and brothers; it is, that they are much keener, heartier, more thoroughgoing partisans. When lovely woman enlists beneath a banner, polemical, political, social, what you will, she gives no quarter, and fights faithfully to the death. Under the standard of Themis, she does gallant battle for her own side. She gives implicit credence to the story told by her own friends, and won't hear a word in mitigation. Is proof lacking? It will soon be furnished, for see, Miss Flora Smithson is entering the witness-box. She is closely veiled, has a becoming bonnet, new gloves, a fashionable dress, for she has to struggle with her crinoline before she can enter the narrow wooden pillory. 'You are Miss Flora Smithson, niece of the defendant? Lift up your veil,

if you please; take the book in your right hand; repeat the words of the oath after the officer of the court; kiss the book—so'—The ceremony is complete.

But not seldom there is a little preliminary skirmish. Miss Flora is rebellious; she won't shew her face—she won't remove her glove from the hand that grasps the book—she won't obey at all. A growl from the judge, a little laughing persuasion from the nearest barrister with spruce bands and elaborate whiskers, and the coy damsel consents to remove the jealous veil, to be sworn in, and to confront the stare of half a thousand eyes. 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' O Flora Smithson, naughty, naughty Flora! How can you face the court as you do, fibbing so unmercifully, for all the innocence of your demeanour? That memory of yours must be a wonderful specimen of mnemonics. You recollect everything that can help your uncle's case, or damage the other side. Surely you must have been conveniently deaf and blind every now and then; at other times, what a lynx to see, what a mole to hear. O Flora! But you are a pretty girl enough, and Mr Solicitor is courteous as he cross-examines you, and smiles, and talks banter and nonsense, and tries to cajole you into telling what he wants to hear. In vain. He sits down, a baffled barrister, and the young lady retires triumphant. So with Mrs Brown, who comes next. This latter has no aegis of youth and beauty, no good looks, no crinoline, no veil, no tight lilac gloves. Mr Solicitor is by no means so gallant now, but he can only make Mrs Brown involve herself in a mass of improbabilities; he cannot extract a word in favour of the enemy. Half-a-dozen more succeed, all female relatives, servants, or allies, of plaintiff or defendant. Every one has rehearsed her part over and over again, has said 'what she shall tell them in court,' has been primed as to what 'she must be sure to say,' and has the profoundest faith that her own faction is white as the driven snow. Now for the children. I see a little head just on a level with the top-rail of the witness-box—a little boy, with a nut-brown face, and a bright eye like a squirrel's. He is the son of the bricklayer that we examined just an hour ago. He knows a good deal, and will tell what he knows so simply and well as to convince the jury. Truth can generally be got out of a child; for, although children are often sent into court well tutored, crammed with facts true or false, and perhaps actually loaded with lies, cross-examination almost always upsets the lesson. The urchins do not trace cause and effect so warily as their elders; truth bubbles up to their lips, somehow, in answer to questions that were not expected. But there is one dreadful stumbling-block in the path of their little feet; there is a test, failing in which they may not give their testimony. 'Stop!' cries artful Grinder, Q.C.—'stop! Don't swear the boy. Boy, do you know the meaning of an oath?' No verbal response. The bright young eye glitters with a puzzled intelligence as it glances at the man of law, who rubs his hands, and chuckles. Baron Rhadamanthus speaks. 'Don't be frightened, little boy. Do you know the value of an oath? You cannot be sworn in unless you do.' The little fellow's education is behindhand. 'Yes,' he knows what an oath means; 'Father swears sometimes, and so do the men at the Chequers public.' Send him down. Out of court with the ignorant little wretch! Evidence that can't define an oath is black-balled by the British Themis.

But the triumph of Grinder, Q.C., is short-lived. Call Susan Fletcher, the boy's little sister, aged six. She goes to school, knows her catechism nearly by heart, and evinces enough knowledge to satisfy my lord judge. The usher pats the little flaxen head as he holds up the black volume, and begins his formula, and soon the blue-eyed baby does great

mischievous to Grinder and his client. She tells her tale. She was in the cottage when Mr Smithson came to pay father the money. She heard almost every word that was said. She remembers most of it, and clears up a most doubtful portion of the business. With the lance of simple truth, she hurls Grinder, Q.C., out of his forensic saddle. The jury nod and whisper; the judge smiles approval. 'You can go down, my dear.' And all the Evidence has appeared, all save one lingering scrap—that strong man in velvet, with the restless eye and shaggy hair. He gives the book a quick impatient smack, scowls around the court, looks for an acquaintance, will not meet Grinder's eye. 'My lud, I appeal to the court. I can't get this witness to look me in the face.' Reluctantly enough, the strong man in velvet does look Mr Grinder in the face, with an evil eye, but a shy one. Grinder has his own learned optics riveted on the victim's face, roars at him, snaps him up, and tries all his terrors on him. A new kind of Evidence this—the witness against whom the counsel for the defence knows a good deal. His character is bad. Grinder does not spare him; Mr Solicitor makes but a feeble fight for him. He is asked countless questions wholly apart from the case, merely to damage him with the jury. 'Poaching—ay—and what besides poaching?' That's what Mr Grinder wants to know. 'Come, take time; mind you're on your oath. Do you know Black Will and Bob Crackskull?—Ah! a short memory. I'll refresh it. Were you, or were you not, convicted at Quarter Sessions?' And so forth. No wonder the man winces and twists, and gnaws his lips, and is a miserable spectacle, and utterly disbelieved by all. Perhaps he is even 'put to the bar' for perjury, but this is rare. If every witness not qualified to keep company with True Thomas the Rhymer were sent to jail, Britannia would need more prisons than at present. Irish witnesses are very great thorns in the side of a counsel; they fence and double to a heart-breaking extent; they are witty at one moment, hopelessly stupid at another, and shew a frightful love of crooked ways, even when a straight path would serve them best. Very bad, too, are the eager witnesses who 'prove too much,' who answer almost before a question is put, and whose words seem to burst forth as if impelled by some mechanical force. But while Grinder and Mr Solicitor are making fresh speeches, and throwing dust in the eyes of the jurors, which it will be the business of Baron Rhadamanthus, when his lordship sums up, to remove, let us leave the court.

To the criminal side, quick; where the long languor is replaced by bustle and uproar, where everybody is on the tiptoe of expectation, where every one talks at once, and a hoarse crier is bellowing for silence till I fear he will burst a blood-vessel. What a commotion, what elbowing, what exclamations! Evidence is caught at last, it seems—Evidence, in the form of the fugitive witness, Marjory Turniptop. She has been run down and captured by Superintendent Walker and intelligent Detective Spry. Here she comes into court, having been found in a public-house at a town ten miles off; here she is, that bony, flustered-looking peasant-woman, now escorted in between triumphant Walker and intelligent Spry. The reporters of the newspapers are writing for dear life. In comes Mr Justice Minos from the robing-room and his sandwiches and sherry; in huddle the jurors. Off on the wondrous wire fly the telegrams that shall be published in London evening papers, telling of the capture of Marjory Turniptop, the unwilling witness. She is placed in the witness-box, very red, and hot, and looking excessively as if she wished herself a bull for the nonce, that she might run a tilt and toss high in air big and little wigs—judge, bar, jury, and police. But Justice Minos utters a stern reprimand; the usher puts the book in the

woman's reluctant hand; 'the truth, the whole truth.' See! Marjory Turniptop is sworn. And as Evidence, looking through her eyes, meets the uneasy stare of the prisoner in the dock, I see the murderer's face grow ashy pale and ghastly to view, and I know that his last hope is gone. He feels already round his throat the tightening of that hempen neckcloth with which Mr Calcraft shall presently strangle him to death, by warrant of law. Yet a little while. The jury stay away but twenty minutes to consult. 'Guilty, my lord!' of course; and there is Justice Minos putting on the ominous little black cap, and writing 'sus per coll' upon his notes, and now he speaks the sentence. Come out of court, if you please, out into the fresh pure air, away from yonder taint of crime, and death, and punishment—away from that place, where the women in the galleries are sobbing, and strong men feel a pang at their own hearts, and one frightened wretch stands up to hear how and when he shall die by violence.

Evidence is needed for other purposes than those of law. We want it constantly. The use of the exact sciences is to give us a body of evidence by which we can square cause with effect, or at least predict phenomena from certain conditions; and the use of history is to supply us with evidence regarding the past, not merely to amuse us, but to teach us grave lessons. History is, or ought to be, a warning beacon whereby we can trace and avoid the faults and follies of our predecessors, copy what was good, and eschew the bad. In this duty, it but partially succeeds. The chronicles of Greece and Rome, so long credited, are now regarded as a storehouse full of beautiful myths jumbled together with a medley of fact and fiction. Niebuhr destroyed the authority of Livy and others, as ruthlessly as the pavement of Bagdad smashed poor Alnaschar's stock in trade. The great heroes and statesmen of old have not, to be sure, been quite consigned to the same lumber-room where repose Romulus and Remus and their wolf-nurse, Numa and the fountain-nymph, the ox which talks to us yet from Livy's pages, and the voice that proclaimed the death of the great Pan. But they have been clipped, and shorn, and recast in such a form, that we don't know our old favourites.

It is not without a pang that we can give up, too, those salient points and bits of stage effect which were precisely what we loved and remembered in history. It is very tiresome to think that Fair Rosamond was not hidden in a labyrinth, nor reached by the revengeful queen by means of a clue of thread, nor forced to choose between dagger and poison. She died in a convent, to be sure, in the odour of sanctity, and we may see her tomb now, and she was a good girl, very likely, and much more properly behaved than the Rosamond we read of in our school-days. But it was cruel of the critics to spoil a pretty pathetic little story, for all that. And so Queen Eleanor did not suck the poisoned wound which the Saracen arrow made in her royal Edward's arm; and Queen Philippa did not go on her knees to beg the lives of those stout citizens of Calais whom her royal Edward meant to hang, and who look so piteous yet in effigy, with stone halters round their stone necks. Lady Godiva never rode through Coventry without a decorous habit of superfine Saxony. Richard III. never smothered his nephews in the Tower, and did not stab anybody in particular, and was not crooked in the least, and had no more a withered arm than the Apollo has. In the later Tudor reigns, lived an old lady of quality, one Lady Desmond, much more than a century old, and she had danced with King Richard at a festival held in her youth, and she averred him to be a handsome man, straight as a fir-tree. We all know now that Henry VIII. was a maligned man, of gentle manners and disposition, only too partial to his wives, rather henpecked in fact, and most averse

to their decapitation from motives of state policy. Every year brings forth some startling discovery, some new light whereby to view the old familiar things and names. Are historians to blame for this chaos of doubts? Alas! you can prove anything out of history. Chroniclers could not become impartial in taking up a pen; they remained men, partisans, politicians, and the rest of it. They kept their bias. You may choose and cull at will among Whig histories, Tory histories, Roman Catholic histories, Infidel histories, Puritan histories. You know beforehand that Dean Lingard will have a good word for poor bespattered Bloody Mary and headstrong James II.; that Macaulay, in his series of magnificent pictures, will not be able to help laying a little extra black on the Jacobite portraits. Hume and Gibbon had predilections of their own; they did not always swerve from the exact path from mere hate or liking: their authorities were not faultless. Old chronicles must be quoted, but then from what do they quote? Not always, not often, from the statements of an eye-witness. Nor are eye-witnesses always trustworthy; nor even when honest, do they always trust themselves. Stout Bernal Diaz was a soldier who fought under Cortes in his wondrous conquest of Mexico, and he wrote a plain rough narrative of the events he helped to bring about. At a certain decisive battle with the natives, the Spaniards were roused to prodigies of valour by a cry that St James, the patron saint of Castile, was charging the heathen on his white steed. The natives were beaten. The miracle was established. Honest Bernal Diaz wrote down that 'he saw a man on a white horse, but took him to be his comrade, Martin Somebody'—adding, however, that 'perhaps it *was* the blessed St Jago, but that he, miserable sinner, was unworthy to know him.' Evidence is not always so clear and so satisfactory as this.

T E A.

GOSSIPING Mr Pepsy little imagined, when he wrote in his Diary, September 25, 1660, 'I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drunk before,' that he had mentioned a beverage destined to exert a world-wide influence on civilisation, and in due time gladden every heart in his country, from that of its sovereign lady Queen Victoria down to that of humble Mrs Miff with her 'mortified bonnet.' Reader, if you wish some little information on the subjects of tea-growing, gathering, curing, and shipping, you must come with us to China, and in one of the great hongs on the Canton river we will give you a short lecture on the virtues of Souchong and flowery Pekoe.

The native name of the article is *Cha*, although it has borne two or three names among the Chinese, in the fourth century being called *Ming*. To botanists, it is known as *Thea*, having many affinities with the camellia. It has long been a doubtful point whether or not two species exist, producing the green and black teas. True, there are the green tea-country and the black-tea country, hundreds of miles apart; but the latest investigation goes to prove that there is really but one plant. Mr Robert Fortune, whose recent interesting work, *The Tea Countries of China and India*, is familiar to many of our readers, has not only had peculiar facilities for gaining a knowledge of tea as grown in the Central Flowery Kingdom, but is, moreover, one of the most scientific of English botanists. He maintains the 'unity' theory of the plant, and we are content to agree with him—the differences in the leaves being owing to climate, situation, soil, and other accidental influences. The shrub is generally from three to six feet high, having numerous branches, and a very dense foliage. Its wood is hard and tough, giving out a disagreeable smell when cut. The leaves are smooth, shining, of a

dark-green colour, and with notched edges; those of the *Thea Bohea*, the black tea, being curled and oblong—while those of the *Thea Viridia*, the green tea, are broader in proportion to their length, but not so thick, and curled at the apex. The plant flowers early in the spring, remaining in bloom about a month; and its seeds ripen in December and January. According to Chinese authority, tea is grown in nearly every province of the empire; but the greater part of it is produced in four or five provinces, affording all that is shipped from Canton. Very large quantities, however, are consumed by the countries adjoining the western frontier; and Russia draws an immense supply by caravans, all of which is the product of the north-west provinces. The Bohea Hills, in latitude 27° 47' north, and longitude 119° east, distant about nine hundred miles from Canton, produce the finest kinds of black tea; while the green teas are chiefly raised in another province, several hundred miles further north. The soil of many plantations examined by Mr Fortune is very thin and poor, in some places little more than sand, such soil as would grow pines and scrub-oaks. The shrubs are generally planted on the slopes of hills, the plants in many places not interfering with the cultivation of wheat and other grain. They are always raised from seeds, which in the first place are sown very thickly together, as many of them never shoot; and when the young plants have attained the proper size, they are transplanted into the beds prepared for them, although in some cases the seeds are sown in the proper situations without removal. Care is taken that the plants be not overshadowed by large trees; and many superstitious notions prevail as to the noxious influence of certain vegetables in the vicinity. Although the shrub is very hardy, not being injured even by snow, yet the weather has great influence on the quality of the leaves; and many directions are given by Chinese authors with regard to the proper care to be observed in the culture of the plant. Leaves are first gathered from it when it is three years old; but it does not attain its greatest size for six or seven—thriving, according to care and situation, from ten to twenty years.

The famous Bohea Hills are said to derive their name from two brothers, Woo and E, the sons of a prince in ancient times, who refused to succeed him, and came to reside among these mountains, where to this day the people burn incense to their memory. Another legend states that the people of this district were first taught the use of tea as a beverage by a venerable man who suddenly appeared among them, holding a sprig in his hand, from which he proposed they should make a decoction and drink it. On their doing so, and approving the drink, he instantly vanished.

There is very great choice in the teas, connoisseurs being much more particular in their taste than even the most fastidious wine-drinkers. Purchasers inquire the position of the gardens from which the samples were taken—teas from the summit of a hill, from the middle, and from the base, bearing different values. Some of the individual shrubs are greatly prized; one of these, called the 'egg-plant,' grows in a deep gully between two hills, and is nourished by water which trickles from the precipice. Another is appropriated exclusively to the imperial use, and an officer is appointed every year to superintend the gathering and curing. The produce of such plants is never sent to Canton, being reserved entirely for the emperor and the mandarins of the court. It commands enormous prices, the most valuable being said to be worth about thirty pounds per poundweight, and the cheapest not less than five pounds. There is said to be a very fine kind, called 'monkey tea,' from the fact that it grows upon heights inaccessible to men, and that monkeys are therefore trained to gather it!!

The picking of the leaf is frequently performed by

a different class of labourers from those who cultivate it, but the customs vary in different places. There are four pickings in the course of the year, the last one, however, being considered a mere gleanings. The first is made as early as the 15th of April, and sometimes sooner, when the delicate buds appear, and the foliage, just opening, is covered with a whitish down. From this picking, the finest kinds of tea are made, but the quantity is small. The next gathering is technically called 'second spring,' and takes place in the early part of June, when the branches are well covered, and produce the greatest quantity of leaves. The third gathering, or 'third spring,' follows in about one month, when the branches are again searched, the most common kinds of tea being the result. The fourth gleanings is styled the 'autumn dew,' but this is not universally observed, as the leaves are now old, and of very inferior quality. These poorest sorts are sometimes clipped off with shears, but the general mode of gathering is by hand, the leaves being laid lightly on bamboo-trays.

The curing of the leaf is of the utmost importance, some kinds of tea depending almost entirely for their value on the mode of preparation. When the leaves are brought to the curing-houses, they are thinly spread upon bamboo-trays, and placed in the wind to dry until they become somewhat soft; then, while lying on the trays, they are gently rubbed and rolled many times. From the labour attending this process, the tea is called *Kung foocha*, or 'worked tea'; hence the English name of Congou. When the leaves have been sufficiently worked, they are ready for the firing, an operation requiring the exercise of the greatest care. The iron pan used in the process is made red-hot, and the workman sprinkles a handful of leaves upon it, and waits until each leaf 'pops' with a slight noise, when he at once sweeps all out of the pan, lest they should be burned, and fires another handful. The leaves are then put into dry baskets over a pan of coal. Care is taken, by laying ashes over the fire, that no smoke shall ascend among the leaves, which are slowly stirred with the hand until perfectly dry. The tea is then poured into chests, and, when transported, is placed in boxes enclosing leaden canisters, and papered to keep out the damp. In curing the finest kinds of tea, such as Powchong, Pekoe, &c., not more than ten to twenty leaves are fired in the pan at one time, and only a few pounds rolled at once in the trays. As soon as cured, these fine teas are packed in papers, two or three pounds in each, and stamped with the name of the plantation and the date of curing.

Besides the hong in Canton, which I shall presently speak of, there are large buildings styled 'pack-houses,' containing all the apparatus for curing. Into these establishments, foreigners are not very readily admitted. Two or three rows of furnaces are built in a large, airy apartment, having a number of hemispherical iron pans inserted into the brick-work, two pans being heated by one fire. Into these pans, the rolled leaves are thrown, and stirred with the arm until too hot for the flesh to bear, when they are swept out, and laid on a table covered with matting, where they are again rolled. The firing and rolling are sometimes repeated three or four times, according to the state of the leaves. The rolling is attended with some pain, as an acrid juice exudes from the leaves, which acts upon the hands; and the whole operation of tea-curing and packing is somewhat unpleasant, from the fine dust arising and entering the mouth and nose, to prevent which the workmen often cover the lower part of the face with a cloth. The leaves are frequently tested during the process of curing by pouring boiling water upon them; and their strength and quality are judged of by the number of infusions that can be made from the same leaves, as many as fifteen drawings being obtained from the richest kinds.

Many persons have imagined that the peculiar effects of green tea upon the nerves after drinking it, as well as its colour, are owing to its having been fired in copper pans. This is not the case, as no copper instruments are used in its preparation; but these effects are probably due to the partial curing of the leaf, and its consequent retention of many of the peculiar properties of the growing plant. The bloom upon the cheaper kinds of green tea is produced by gypsum or Prussian blue, and perhaps even the effects alluded to may in some degree be caused by these minerals. Such teas are prepared entirely for exportation, the Chinese themselves never drinking them.

Each foreign house employs an inspector or taster, whose business it is to examine samples of all the teas submitted to the firm for purchase. When a taster has a lot of teas to examine, several samples, selected from various chests, being placed before him, he first of all takes up a large handful and smells it repeatedly, then chews some of it, and records his opinion in a huge folio, wherein are chronicled the merits of every lot examined by him; and, lastly, he puts small portions of the various kinds into a great many little cups, into which boiling water is poured, and when the tea is 'drawn,' he takes a sip of the infusion. With all due deference to his art, sometimes, when the taster does not know exactly what to say of a sample, the book will bear witness that the parcel has 'a decided tea-flavour.' But the accuracy of good tasters is really wonderful. They will classify and fix the true value of a chop of teas beyond dispute, and the East India Company's tasters were occasionally of eminent service in detecting frauds. A first-rate tea-taster may make a fortune in a few years; but from constantly inhaling minute particles of the herb, the health is frequently ruined.

The teas which come to Canton are brought chiefly by water. Only occasional land-stages are used in transportation; the principal one being the pass which crosses the Ineiling Mountain, in the north of the Canton or Quang-tong province, cut about the beginning of the eighth century. As every article of merchandise which goes through the pass, either from the south or north, is borne on the backs of men, several hundred thousand porters are here employed. Many tortuous paths are cut over the mountain, and through them are continually passing these poor creatures, condemned by poverty to terrible fatigue, the work being so laborious that the generality of them live but a short time. At certain intervals are little bamboo-sheds, where travellers rest on their journey, smoking a pipe and drinking tea for refreshment; while at the summit of the pass is an immense portal, or kind of triumphal arch, erected on the boundary-line of the two provinces of Quang-tong and Kiang-ai. The teas, securely packed in chests wrapped in matting, are placed in the boats which ply upon the rivers flowing from the tea-countries into the Poyang Lake, and, after successive changes, are at length brought to the foot of the Ineiling Mountain, carried over it on the backs of men, and reshipped on the south side of the pass. The boats in which the tea is brought to Canton convey from five hundred to eight hundred chests each, and are called chop-boats by foreigners, from each lot of teas being called a chop. They serve admirably for inland navigation, drawing but little water, and are so rounded as to make it almost impossible to overset one. A ledge is built upon each side of the boat for the trackers, who, when the wind fails, collect in the bow, and sticking long bamboo-poles into the bed of the stream, walk along the ledge to the stern, thus propelling the barge, and repeating the operation as often as they have traversed the length of the planks. A number of excise posts and custom-houses are established along the route from the tea-regions to Canton, for the purpose of levying

duties on the teas, none being allowed to be sent to that city by coasting-voyages.

Along the Canton river the great hongs stretch for miles, and are crammed in the busy season with hundreds of thousands of chests filled with the fragrant herb. The hongs front upon the river, in order that cargo-boats may approach them; but they have also another entrance at the end which opens from the suburbs. Imagine a building twelve hundred feet long by twenty to forty broad, and in some portions fifty feet high, built of brick, of one story, here and there open to the sky, with the floor as level as that of a rope-walk, and of such extent that, to a person standing at one end, forms at the other end appear dwarfed, and men seem engaged in noiseless occupations, and you have a picture of a Chinese hong. In these warehouses the tea is assorted, repacked, and then put on board the chop-boats, and sent down the river to the ships at their anchorage off Whampoa. Here are enormous scales for weighing the chests; there, where the light streams in from the roof, are tables placed for superintendents, who carefully watch the workmen; further off are foreigners inspecting a newly arrived chop; at the extreme end is the little apartment where the tea-merchant receives people upon business; and through the high door beyond we see the crowded river and chop-boats waiting for cargoes. At the river-end of the building a second story is added, often fitted up with immense suites of beautiful rooms, elegantly furnished, and abounding with rare and costly articles of *virtù*. Here is a door leading higher still, out upon the roof, which is flat. Below us is the river with its myriads of boats, visible as far as the eye can reach, no less than eighty-four thousand belonging to Canton alone. On our right is the public square, where stand the foreign factories, destroyed by the mob during the government of Viceroy Yeh, but since rebuilt, and from which float the flags of many foreign states. On our left is another vista of river-life, the pagoda near Whampoa, and the forts of Dutch and French Folly. In our rear is the immense city of Canton, and opposite to us, across the river, lies the verdant island of Honan, with its villages, its canals, and its great Buddhist temple. On descending, we find that a servant has placed for us, on a superb table in one of the pretty rooms, cups of delicious tea—it being the custom in all the hongs to offer the beverage to strangers at all times. A cup of the aromatic Oulong will serve to steady our nerves for the completion of the tea-lecture.

The visitor will soon form some idea of the magnitude of the tea-trade by going from one hong to another, and finding all of them filled with chests, while armies of coolies are bringing in chops, sorting cargoes, loading chop-boats, making leaden canisters, packing, and labelling the packages. A heavy gate, with brilliant figures painted on it, and adorned with enormous lanterns, swings yawning open, and admits the stranger. Just inside the gate, at a little table, sits a man who keeps count of the coolies as they enter with chests of tea, and sees that they do not carry any out except for good reasons. Looking down the length of the hong, a busy scene presents itself. It is crammed with big square chests just from the tea-regions, and piled up to the roof. Presently a string of coolies, stretching out like a flock of wild geese, come past, and set down chests enough on the floor to cover half an acre. These half-naked fellows are nimble workmen, and will unload a boat full of tea in an incredibly short time. Very valuable as an animal is the cooly; he is a jack-of-all-trades—works at the scull of a boat or in a tea packing-house, bears a mandarin's sedan-chair, or sweeps out a chamber. His ideas are as limited as his means, and nearly as much so as his clothing; but he works all day without grumbling at his lot, is cheerful, and seems to enjoy life although he lives on a few halfpence a day. He sleeps soundly at night, though his accommodations

are such as many an English beggar would scorn. Any person visiting a hong will see on the sides of the building, at a considerable elevation from the ground, a number of shelves with divisions arranged like berths in a steam-boat, intended for beds, but consisting of rough boards with square wooden blocks for pillows. Each one is enclosed with a coarse blue mosquito-netting; and, mounting to his apartment by a ladder, here the cooly sleeps the year round.

The teas are not generally brought to the hongs until sold. Previous to sale, they are stored in warehouses, chiefly on Honan Island, opposite the city; but after disposal, the large-sized chests are carried into the hongs, where the teas are sorted and repacked in smaller boxes according to the wants of the purchaser. You will see different parts of the floor covered with packages, large and small, into which the coolies are shaking teas. Each box contains a leaden canister, into some of which the teas are loosely poured, while in others the herb is wrapped in papers of half a pound-weight, each stamped with Chinese characters. The canister is then closed by a lid, and afterwards securely fastened down by the top of the chest. These canisters are made close at hand. Look around, and a few yards off you will see three or four expert hands turning the large sheets of the prepared metal into shape. Knowing the required size, the operators have a cubic block placed on the metal sheet, which, bending like paper, is folded over the block, assuming its shape, and the edges of the canister are instantly soldered by a second hand; a third, with the aid of another wooden form, prepares the lids; and thus a knot of half-a-dozen workmen, keeping steadily at their tasks, will make a large number of canisters in a day. Besides the labourers who cultivate, and those who cure the tea, and the porters and boatmen who transport it, thousands are employed in different occupations connected with the trade. Carpenters make the chests, plumbers the leaden canisters, while painters adorn the boxes containing the finer kinds of teas with brilliant flowers or grotesque scenes.

About the season of the arrival of the tea in Canton, the Chinese dealers come to the foreign factories with 'musters' or samples, in nice little tin canisters, with the names of the owners written on paper pasted down the sides, and you can select such as you like. The principal business is, of course, transacted with the tea-merchants themselves, not those who come from the north, but the Cantonese; while the minor business of all the hongs is in a great measure conducted through the 'pursers' or foremen, who act between the Chinese and the foreigners, bringing in the accounts to the shipping-houses, and receiving the orders for cargoes. Give one of these men an order for tea, and go to the hong shortly afterward; you will find numbers of workmen employed for you, some bringing in the small boxes, others filling them, or, when filled, fastened, papered, and covered with matting, securing them firmly with ratans; and others, finally, labelling them on the outer covering—the labels being printed with the name of the vessel, of the tea-merchant, of the tea, and of the Canton forwarding-house, as well as with the initials of the purchaser, and the number of the lot. These labels are printed rapidly, being cut by one set of hands to the proper size, for the use of the other set who stamp them. All the types are carved in blocks of wood, and the whole fastened into a frame; then, in a little space, just large enough for work, a Chinaman will sit down, snatch up a paper in one hand, and stamp it instantly with the wooden block letters, moistened with the colouring mixture used in printing.

When the teas are fairly ready to be conveyed to the ships, heavy cargo-boats are moored at the foot of the hong, their crews prepare for the chop, and the coolies within the hong stand ready to carry the chests. Every box is properly weighed, papered,

and bound with split ratan, the bill of the purchase has gone, duly authenticated, to the foreign factory, and the teas bid farewell to their native soil. The word is given, and each cooly, placing his two chests in the ropes swinging from his shoulder-bar, lifts them from the ground, and at a brisk walk conveys them on board the chop-boat, where they are carefully stowed away. As they are carried out of the hong, a fellow stands ready, and, as if about to stab the packages, thrusts at each one two sharp sticks with red ends, leaving them jammed between the ratan and the tea-box. One of these sticks is taken out when the chest leaves the chop-boat, and the other when it reaches the deck of the vessel; and as soon as one hundred chests are passed into the ship, the sticks are counted, and thus serve as tallies. Should the two bundles not correspond, a chest is missing somewhere, and woe betide the blunderer!

In the busy season, the chop-boats are seen pushing down the river with every favourable tide. As for pushing against the tide, no Chinaman ever thinks of such a thing, unless absolutely compelled—the value of time being quite unknown in China. Coolly anchoring as soon as the tide is adverse, the crew fall to playing cards, until it is time to get under-way again. Nearly every chop-boat contains a whole family—father, mother, and children; sometimes an old grand-parent also being included in the domestic circle, and all assist in working. At the stern of the boat, the wife has a little cooking-apparatus, and prepares the cheap rice for the squad of eager gormandisers, who bolt it in huge quantities, without fear of indigestion. The family sit down to their repast on the deck; the men keep an eye to windward, and a hand on the tiller; the mother knots the cord that goes round the baby's waist into an iron ring, and, feeling secure against the bantling's falling overboard, chats sociably, occasionally enforcing a mild reproof to a vagabond son by a tap on the head with her chop-stick. There is but one dish—rice, of a very ordinary sort and of a pink colour, yet all seem to thrive on it. The meal over, the men smoke their pipes, and the wife washes her cooking-utensils with water drawn from the muddy river; and then, strapping her infant to her back, overhauls the scanty wardrobe, and mends the ragged garments.

It is interesting to mark how accurately the chop-boat is brought alongside the ship for which its cargo is destined. No matter how strong the wind blows, or the tide runs, the sails are trimmed as occasion requires, and the big scull does its office without ever the least mistake. The boat, running under the quarter, scrapes along the edge, the ropes are thrown, caught, and belayed, and the crew prepare for passing the cargo into the vessel's hold. The stevedores who load the ships are very active men; they have also good heads, and, measuring the length, breadth, and height of the hold, calculate pretty accurately how many chests the ship will carry, and the number of small boxes to be squeezed into narrow places. When the hold is full, the hatch is fastened down, and calked, as exposure to the salt air injures the teas. The finest kinds are so delicate, indeed, that they cannot be exported by sea; for however tightly sealed, they would deteriorate during the voyage. The very superior flavour noticed by travellers in the tea used at St Petersburg is doubtless to be attributed in an important measure to its overland transportation, and its consequent escape from the influence of damp; the large quantities consumed by Russia being, as before observed, all carried from the north-west of China to Kiakhta, whence it is distributed over the empire.

Much of the green tea shipped from China arrives in England coloured—tinted with Prussian-blue. The inviting appearance produced by this artificial means is erroneously supposed to be a proof of good quality, whereas its chief recommendation is to the dealer, in

hiding all defects of the leaf. Large quantities of pure green tea are sent from London to Hamburg and Jersey—where there are no excise penalties for the practice—to be painted, and are afterwards reshipped for home consumption.

Many substitutes for tea are in vogue among the Chinese, but in general only the very lowest of the population are debarred the use of the genuine article. Being the universal drink, it is found at all times in every house. Few are so poor that a simmering teapot does not stand ever filled for the visitor. It is invariably offered to strangers, and any omission to do so is considered, and is usually intended, as an insult. It appears to be preferred by the people to any other beverage, even in the hottest weather; and while Englishmen in the heats of July would gladly resort to iced water or lemonade, the Chinaman will quench his thirst with copious draughts of boiling tea.

BONJOUR CRISPE.

ABOUT four miles west of Margate, close to the village of Birchington, lies the ancient manorial domain of Quex Park, containing a modernised villa, built on the remains of an old-fashioned mansion in the Elizabethan style. In the latter there lived, exactly two hundred years ago, a Mr Henry Crispe, whilom high-sheriff of the county, a man of great property, and the scion of a most respectable family. The Crispes, descendants in the female line of the noble house of Quex, had been sheriffs of Kent for generations, and one of them, the great-uncle of Mr Henry Crispe, possessed such influence in these parts as to be styled 'Regulus insule Thaneti.'

In a dark night of August, in the year 1657, Henry Crispe, Esq. of Quex, then an old man of nearly eighty, was sitting in the large hall of his mansion, conversing with one of his servants, when suddenly the confused sound of voices and the shuffling of many feet were heard in the distance. The old man started from his seat, in visible fright, apprehensive of danger to his property, perhaps even his person. The state of the country well excused such fear. The rule of the Lord Protector of the realm was generally believed to be drawing to an end. Moody and suspicious, with the knowledge of his unpopularity hanging over him like a funeral pall, Cromwell began to relax in activity, and with him the government of public affairs seemed to sink to the ground. While his time was taken up by religious contemplations and visits to the sick-bed of his favourite daughter, bands of robbers committed depredations in the northern counties, and pirates appeared on the coasts of Essex and Kent. It was the fear of the latter which had induced Mr Henry Crispe, some time before, to fortify his residence, and to have loopholes made in the walls for the discharge of muskets. At the same time, he exercised a generous hospitality to such of his neighbours as would consent to lodge with him. However, on the evening in question, none of these friends were present; and even his son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, and his nephew, Mr Thomas Crispe, happened to be away from home. Nearer and nearer came the steps; louder and louder got the noise of many voices outside the mansion. All at once, with a sudden crash, the gate was broken open, and a few seconds after a troop of wild-looking sailors, most of them evidently foreigners, stood before the trembling old gentleman. The leader of the band addressed him in good English, telling him to remain quiet as he valued his life. The stranger then gave a few hurried orders, in a foreign language, to his companions, whereupon they proceeded to bind the hands and feet of the owner of the house. To take him on their shoulders and carry him off into his coach, was the work of a very few minutes, the old man being speechless and motionless from fear and terror. Silently the whole

party proceeded, along the high road, to the village of Burchington, Mr Crispe riding in his own coach, attended by one of his servants. Finally, a halt was made on the sea-shore, close to the village, where an open boat was lying in waiting. The squire was commanded to step in, and his servant received orders to return with the coach to the manor-house. By this time, the anguish of the kidnapped man had found words in prayers and tears, and in piteous language he entreated the men not to take him away by sea, or, if they were absolutely bent on doing so, to allow him at least the assistance and consolation of his servant. But the robbers turned a deaf ear to all his prayers, and pushing him into the boat, set sail forthwith for the coast of Flanders. Long before the trembling servant had returned with his coach to the manor, all sight was lost of the mysterious vessel from the white cliffs of the isle of Thanet.

Captain Golding of Ramsgate, a fine tall man of about fifty, formerly in the merchant-service of Great Britain, was at the period of this history attached to the court of Charles II.; in no particular capacity, but with instructions to make himself generally useful. Of some use the gallant captain had been already to the exiled prince; for when, after the disastrous battle of Worcester, Charles had been compelled to retire to France, where he had great honours paid him, but no certain income, Golding replenished his exchequer in quite an unexpected manner. Being in command of a merchant-vessel with valuable freight on the voyage home from India, called the *Blackamoor Queen*, the captain took the liberty of running his ship, instead of into the Thames, into the Scheldt, and having disposed of ship and cargo at Antwerp, laid the proceeds at the feet of the king. The gift was exceedingly welcome to his majesty, then in lodgings at Versailles, and with not sufficient cash about him to pay for his dinner. His majesty's mother, Clarendon informs us, 'at his majesty's first arrival, had declared that she was not able to bear the charge of the king's diet, but that he must pay one-half of the expense of her table.' This, Charles II. was not able to do, and consequently had to go dinnerless many a day. The king's followers, says Clarendon, were in no better condition, 'the Marquis of Ormond himself being compelled to put himself in pension, with the chancellor and some other noblemen, with a poor English woman, the wife of one of the king's servants, at a pistole a week for diet, and to walk the streets on foot.' Imagine, then, the joy with which the captain of the *Blackamoor Queen* was received at the court of Charles II., and the blandishments bestowed upon him by king and courtiers. But the money was soon spent; and being unable longer to bear his destitution near the brilliant seat of the French court, Charles resolved on removing into Flanders or Germany. To get the necessary funds, Prince Rupert, according to Clarendon, had to sell his fleet, 'ships, and ordnance, and tackling,' which, 'he presumed, would yield a good sum of money to enable him to remove, and support him some time after he was removed.' 'His majesty, therefore,' the faithful historian continues, 'writ to Prince Rupert that he would find some good chapmen to buy all the ships, and ordnance, and tackle, at the value they were worth: which was no sooner known at Nantes, than there appeared chapmen enough.' The articles fetched tolerably good prices, particularly 'fifty good brass guns on board the *Swallow*, which were very valuable.' The funds thus obtained served for a short while to pay the royal board and lodging at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Bruges; but on the king's exchequer becoming once more empty, fresh means for 'raising the wind' had to be discovered. Gallant Captain Golding was appealed to, and immediately hit upon an excellent and most simple scheme. The idea was worthy of the principles of an ardent royalist. His majesty Charles II., the captain argued,

has the right of taxation over his subjects, and although he is temporarily deprived of the crown of England, can yet draw any sums he pleases from the purse of its inhabitants. The gathering of the tax being the only difficulty in the matter, the captain proposed to simplify this part by nominating a representative tax-payer for each county in the king's realm, and summoning him for the discharge of his duties to the court of his majesty. This luminous scheme was fully approved of by royal Charles; and Captain Golding having received the necessary instructions, set sail for the Kentish coast, to arrest, in the name of the king, the 'representative tax-payer' of the county, Henry Crispe, Esq. of Quex, whilom sheriff, and great-nephew of 'Regulus insulse Thaneti.'

Poor old Squire Crispe, once lodged in the open boat, on the stormy sea, made no further resistance; and, the wind being favourable, was landed early the following morning at Ostend. A short stay was made here, and then Captain Golding and his prisoner proceeded further inland to Bruges, where his majesty, Charles II., was holding court. The exiled monarch, at this time, was suffering from the extremes of want, as we learn from a letter of J. Johnson, a royalist spy, to 'The Worshipful John Ashe, Esq., in London'—letter intercepted by Cromwell, and printed in Thurloe's *State Papers*. 'The English court,' says this epistle, 'remayne at Bridges, never in greater want, nor greater expectation of monys, without a speedy supply of which all their levies are like to be at a stand; for English men cannot live on bread alone.' Great joy, then, there was at the 'English court' when Captain Golding arrived with his representative tax-payer. The sum to be levied from the county of Kent was fixed at three thousand pounds sterling, and this amount the ex-sheriff was required to pay forthwith. In vain his protestations of poverty, incapacity, and old age; the reply to all which was that he would remain in custody till the whole amount was forthcoming. After some further parleying, the old man resigned himself to send for his nephew, Thomas Crispe, Esq.—his son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, being absent from England, engaged in catching 'niggers' on the coast of Guinea. Thomas Crispe immediately attended his uncle at Bruges; and it was arranged, finally, that he should return to England, and with the assistance of the other members of the family, raise the three thousand pounds. When engaged in carrying out this plan—no easy undertaking in those days of scarcity of specie—a sudden order from the Lord Protector intervened, formally stopping the progress of the affair. Oliver Cromwell having received the news of Captain Golding's landing, and the kidnapping of the Lord of Quex, suspected the whole to be a collusion between royalist parties for procuring money for 'the young man that was the late king's son,' and accordingly forbade the raising of the loan. Thereupon, Thomas Crispe returned to Bruges, to confer further with his uncle, when it was arranged that part of the Quex estate should be sold to procure the ransom. This was done, with the assistance of Sir Nicholas Crispe, meanwhile returned from Africa; but new difficulties broke upon the negotiators in the sudden death of Sir Nicholas, and the thereby necessitated renewal of most of the legal documents. To allay the impatience of his uncle, Thomas Crispe went over to Bruges no less than six times during the winter of 1657-58, and it was not before the end of April 1658 that he brought with him the much-coveted three thousand pounds. Graciously received by Captain Golding, he was allowed to deposit the money in the hands of the treasurer of the 'English court,' against proper receipt in due form. When old Squire Crispe at last set foot again on the shores of his beloved native country, more than eight months had passed, and his manorial residence was, through neglect, nigh falling into ruins. Great had been his

losses by this forced voyage across the Channel, and the profits nil, he not even having acquired a knowledge of the idiom of the people among whom ill-luck had thrown him. The only sentence of French the old squire had mastered was *bon jour*; and it was this that made all Thanet call him for the rest of his life 'Bonjour Cripe.'

Of Captain Golding—'the brave Captain Golding,' as he is called by Echard—little more remains to be said. His expedition to the ale of Thanet having made great noise in England, his employers thought it best at present to dispense with his services in that direction, and to lead his energies into other channels. From the letter of a 'secret intelligencer,' dated July 18, 1658, and printed in Thurloe's *State Papers*, we learn that the captain was intrusted with another confidential mission, soon after the release of Mr Henry Cripe. 'Charles Stuart,' says this letter, 'is now at Brussels, also my Lord Gerrard. . . . There is Captain Holmes and Captain Golding have gotten commissions—one from the king of Spain, and another from Charles Stuart, for each of them to set out a man-of-war to take prizes; and they are suddenly to go away to St Sebastian to that purpose.' How many British vessels the brave buccaneer captured is not known; but probably the number was not large, for not long after he was recalled to the court of Charles II., to attend his majesty in his triumphal entry into his realm. Once more, in the merry month of May 1660, the captain landed on the Kentish coast; this time, in the suite of a king, princes, generals, and admirals. Before Cromwell's body was hung at Tyburn, Captain Golding was appointed to the command of the *Diamond* man-of-war, one of the finest ships in his majesty's fleet. He made several successful cruises to the East Indies, and returning to England, fell in with four Dutch frigates. An engagement ensued, May 1665, when the captain was killed, bravely fighting to the last.

ONE TAX WE DON'T PAY NOW A DAYS.

In the year seven hundred and twenty-six after Christ, King Ina reigned over Wessex, the most important province of the realm of England. He had been ruler, at this period, for more than thirty-seven years, during the whole of which time he had been uniformly prosperous, conquering the foes of his government on the battle-field, and, after establishing peace with the sword, giving wise laws to his people. But notwithstanding these successes, King Ina at last began to sink under the cares of royalty, and to sigh for that peace which he had given to his subjects. Seeing this state of his mind, Ina's noble consort, Ethelburga, determined to induce him to abdicate the throne. With this object in view, she gave a sumptuous entertainment at one of the royal villas. On the following day, after the departure of Ina and his queen, the lord chamberlain, by order of the latter, defiled the place with the dung of cattle and heaps of rubbish, and placed a sow with suckling pigs in the bed where the royal pair had passed the night. In the afternoon, the king, for reasons assigned by Ethelburga, was induced to return to the villa. On arriving there, and seeing the change the royal residence had undergone, Ina turned his inquiring eyes towards his consort, who hereupon took occasion to expatiate on the vanity of human life. The speech, and the view of the things around him, deeply affected the king; he resigned his crown to the brother of his wife, the chieftain Ethelheard, of the race of Cerdic, and, accompanied by Ethelburga, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. Rejecting every vestige of earthly pomp, clad in the most homely garb, and eating the coarsest food, he passed the remainder of his days in privacy and devotion. To facilitate other English pilgrims taking the same step, King Ethelheard, at the earnest desire of Ina, imposed a tax upon his subjects, 'toward

the maintaining of a Saxon hostel, which was a penny of every house or family yearly, to be paid at the feast of St Peter *ad vincula*, or St Peter's chains-day' (29th June to 1st August). This was the origin of the famous St Peter's Pence.

King Offa of the Mercians, going to Rome in penance, sixty years after, confirmed the gift of Ina, ordering that a 'Rome-penny' should be paid annually by every family in his kingdom. Mighty King Ethelwulf finally ordered, in 854, that the *denarius St. Petri* should be paid, under heavy penalties, throughout the whole of England. Ethelwulf, educated originally for the church, went twice on a pilgrimage to Rome. On his last visit, he stayed a whole year, spending the entire period in exercises of devotion, and (as William of Malmesbury has it) in 'prayers to alleviate the misery of the world.' The Roman annals have carefully registered the costly gifts, in gold and precious stones and silken robes, presented to St Peter by the pious and wealthy Anglo-Saxon monarch. The bishops, the inferior clergy, the nobles, and even the common people partook of Ethelwulf's munificence. The English hostelry, or hospital, having been destroyed by fire, the king erected a new and more magnificent building at his own cost, endowing it, at the same time, with an additional three hundred *denarii*, for the salvation of his soul. These three hundred pence were to be especially devoted to provide lights on Easter-eve for the church of St Peter at Rome; and, in order that the sum might be well expended, the pope was to have one-third of the sum for himself, for the trouble of supervision. This arrangement appeared to give great satisfaction to the successors of St Peter, who thenceforth took the third, not only of Ethelwulf's three hundred *denarii*, but of the sum-total of St Peter's pence. The income of the popes from this source must have been very considerable about this period, inasmuch as it was thought a high and particular privilege granted to the abbot of the church of St Albans, to collect and retain, to the use of the church, all the *Rome-scot*, or Peter-pence, throughout Hertfordshire. With the single exception of this priory of St Albans, the whole of the Anglo-Saxon realm had become tributary to Rome at the end of the ninth century.

The disastrous invasions of the Danes for a time interrupted the rich flow of English coin to Rome, which was only fully restored in the reign of Edward the Confessor. This prince, having vowed to undertake a pilgrimage to the residence of the viceregent of God on earth, and being prevented therefrom by his civil duties, sent, as ambassador to Rome, Here-man, a Fleming, his former chaplain, through whom he promised to exact for the future the rigorous levy of the St Peter's tax, and to erect, moreover, a minster in honour of St Peter and St Paul. Both promises were fulfilled in Edward's reign; and while the *denarius St. Petri* was wrested from the hands of the poorest man in the realm, the stately pile of St Peter's, now called Westminster Abbey, arose on the isle of Thorney, where, according to the legend, the apostle had been ferried across the river Thames in a stormy winter's night. The laws for levying the *Rome-scot*—also called *hearth-penny*, from being assessed on each household—were made by Alfred of the most stringent kind. Every man having an annual income of thirty pence had to pay the *denarius St. Petri*, under penalty of 120 *solidi* in the first case of contravention, of 200 *solidi* in the second, and the loss of his whole fortune and property in the third. Besides, excommunication invariably fell on the reluctant payer; and the terrors of both civil and ecclesiastical justice were brought to bear against all who would dare to delay their contributions beyond the appointed first day of August. The collection of the tribute was placed by Edward into the hands of the archdeacons of dioceses; but the

pope being suspicious that these ecclesiastics might drop some of the funds on their way to Rome, despatched, in the reign of William the Conqueror, two special envoys to England, with the express object of gathering the *elemosyna Sancti Petri*. The *elemosyna*, soon after this time, were held to be equal to the income of the kings of England.

But the culminating point in the value of Rome-scot came on in the reign of John. King 'Lackland' having sworn fealty to Rome, and 'for remission of his own sins and those of his family,' made England and Ireland over to God, to St Peter and Paul, and to Pope Innocent and his successors in the apostolic chair, and the Rome-scot, as a matter of course, rose to its maximum. The additional thousand marks silver which John promised to pay in feudal homage annually to the papal chair, scarce visibly increased the vast amount. Four papal emissaries were constantly busy in gathering the 'hearth-tax,' the sum-total of which must have amounted to a truly enormous sum. Köhler, a German historian, calculates that the popes annually drew from England, about this period, no less than 80,000 marks, which would be equivalent to more than a million and a half pounds sterling at the present value. But with the amount of money drawn from England grew the exactions of the court of Rome. The island, having produced already such enormous sums, was thought to be inexhaustible—a milch-cow appointed by providence for the especial use of the Holy See. The demands of the pope, in every succeeding year, grew more enormous; and in the reign of Henry III. reached such a height as to give rise to the universal complaints, not only of the laity, but even of the clergy and bishops. In consequence, King Henry, on Whitsunday 1245, according to Brady, 'caused diligent inquiry to be made in every county whose revenues the Romans and Italians were possessed of in England, by gift of the court of Rome, and they were found to be 60,000 marks by the year: the consideration of which great sum moved the king both to admiration and anger; and the university of the kingdom composed an elegant epistle, in which they set forth the execrable papal extortions, and the exactions of the legates (extortiones papales execrabiles), and sent it to the council of Lyons.' The 'elegant epistle' having no effect whatever, King Henry, in the spring of the following year, summoned 'a most general parlement of the whole kingdom' to London, to lay before the members a remonstrance 'about the pope not keeping his promises concerning the removal of their grievances.' These grievances were, first, 'that the pope, not content with the payment of Peter-pence, oppressed the kingdom by extorting great contributions, without the king's consent, against the ancient customs, liberties, and rights of the kingdom;' secondly, 'that all the rich livings in England were taken from the patrons of churches, and given, by the pope's letters, to Romans, who understood not the English language, and carried all the money out of the kingdom, to the impoverishing of it;' thirdly, 'that in the parishes where the Italians were beneficed, there was no alms, no hospitality, no preaching, no divine service, no care of souls, nor reparations done to the parsonage-houses.' However, in spite of these glaring abuses, the parliament of King Henry agreed to nothing but a humble letter to the apostolic see, beseeching the pope to remove 'the intolerable grievances and importable yolk.' The sole reply of the pope to this letter was, his sending two fresh envoys to England, with orders to collect a double *denarius* St. Petri with the greatest rigour. The envoys, mere friars, executed their commission well, and, journeying from town to town, levied the tax, producing at the same time the pope's Thundering Letters (*Litteras Fulminantes*). 'When they came to the bishop of Lincoln,' says Brady, 'he stood amazed at their habit, which was more souldier-like than

religious; but when they had shewed him the pope's Letters, and demanded of him 6000 marks [about £120,000 present value] to be forthwith paid, he answered, with great grief of heart, that such exactions were never heard of before, and very unjust, because it was impossible to answer them.' Notwithstanding his prayers and remonstrances, the bishop had to pay the contribution, the terrible threat of excommunication frightening him into compliance. 'Ranulph, Earl of Chester,' says the historian before quoted, 'was the only man that opposed this exaction, not permitting any one upon his lands to pay the Rome-pence, notwithstanding they were paid everywhere besides in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.'

The first English king, after John, who made serious resistance against the Rome-tax was Edward III. The complaints of the people, by this time, had become so loud, that it was impossible to disregard them; and accordingly, the king, in his speech to the parliament, January 21, 1365, strongly declared the necessity of reforming these abuses. His majesty stated that the gift once voluntarily granted as *elemosyna Sti Petri*, had of late been forcibly collected, 'to the great scandal of the ancient laws, and the derogation of his crown.' An act was made accordingly, and passed this session, to forbid the papal envoys the levy of any moneys whatsoever without the king's consent, under heavy penalties both for payers and receivers. A threat of excommunication and interdict speedily followed the announcement of this statute; and in the next session of parliament, opened March 30, 1366, the lord chancellor notified that 'his majesty had lately received notice that the pope, in consideration of the homage which John, king of England, had formerly paid to the see of Rome, and of the tribute by him granted to the said see, intended, by process, to cite his majesty to appear at his court at Avignon, to answer for his defaults in not performing what the said king, his predecessor, had so undertaken for him and his heirs, kings of England. Whereupon the king required the advice of his parliament, what course he had best take if any such process should come out against him.' The bishops, lords, and commons desired twenty-four hours to give in their answer; when, being again assembled, after full deliberation, they declared 'that neither King John nor any other king could bring himself, his realm, and people, under such subjection, without their assent; and that, therefore, in case the pope should attempt anything by process, or any other way, to constrain the king and his subjects to perform what he says he lays claim to in this respect, they would resist and withstand him to the utmost of their power.' This spirited assertion of independence was confirmed by the last parliament of Edward III., sitting in 1377, which resolved that the payment of the hearth-penny should henceforth cease, 'because divers usurpations are, by the see of Rome, made upon the king, his crown, and realm.' At any other time, the apostolic see would have probably replied to this statute by anathema and interdict; but there being, at the period, a great schism in the Roman Catholic church, two popes having been elected, each supported by different nations and factions, both pontiffs considered it the best policy to gain England by peaceable means. Instead of orders, therefore, for the collection of Peter's pence, humble petitions were sent for a while to the English bishops, praying for alms and aids to the holy church of Rome. Pope Urban VI. solicited assistance to conquer the anti-pope, Clement XI.; and the latter, in his turn, sued for aid to destroy Urban. The prelates of Great Britain, with touching impartiality, granted pecuniary help to both pontiffs, that they might eat each other. The bishop of Norwich, in particular, collected large sums of money, besides jewels, necklaces, bracelets, rings, dishes, spoons, and other articles of silver and gold, and

having divided the proceeds into two equal parts, forwarded one half to Rome, and the other to Avignon. Many of the higher English clergy, who formerly had spoken loudest against the exactions of the papal see, soon after this began to relent in their opposition, afraid that the church of Rome might fall into destruction from intestine quarrels on the one side, and the attacks of the adherents of Wickliffe on the other. In the parliament of 1389, the two archbishops of Canterbury and York, for themselves and the whole clergy of their provinces, made protestation 'that they neither intended nor would assent to any statute or law to be made against the pope's authority;' which protestation, at their request, was entered upon the roll.

But the current of public opinion, from this time forward, ran too strongly against Rome to be withstood by the bench of bishops, and every succeeding parliament published new and more stringent statutes against the payment of taxes to the see of Rome, under whatsoever form and name. The fourth parliament of Henry IV. (1403), in a statute worded more carefully than any preceding order, resolved 'that no person shall carry any gold or silver coin out of the nation without a special licence from the king, and that no provisions shall be brought from Rome, by any religious or other person, to exempt them from obedience to the secular power.' Notwithstanding this direct prohibition to collect supplies for the papal court, and notwithstanding the fact, too, that the English hostility at Rome, for which the Peter's pence were originally destined, had long ceased to exist, the supply of the *denarii Sti Petri* from Great Britain did not altogether cease for some time. The feelings and prejudices of the people in favour of the so-called Vicar of Christ upon Earth were as yet too strong to be kept down entirely by civil enactments; and the high prelates of the church in England being always more or less willing to favour the cause of the apostolic see, there was no great difficulty in forwarding the annual Rome-scut in some form or other. From documents found in the papal archives, and published during the occupation of Rome by the French at the beginning of the present century, it appears that as late as the reign of Henry VII., the following *elemosyna Sti Petri* were sent to the apostolic treasury in the course of one year: From the diocese of Canterbury, 7 pounds, 18 shillings; York, 11 pounds, 10 shillings; Rochester, 5 pounds, 12 shillings; London, 16 pounds, 10 shillings; Norwich, 21 pounds, 10 shillings; Ely, 5 pounds; Winchester, 17 pounds, 6 shillings; Lincoln, 42 pounds; Chichester, 8 pounds; Exeter, 9 pounds, 5 shillings; Worcester, 10 pounds, 5 shillings; Hereford, 6 pounds; Bath, 12 pounds, 5 shillings; Salisbury, 17 pounds; Coventry, 10 pounds, 10 shillings. This amount, in all probability, does not represent the sum-total of the English contributions in the time of Henry VII., for there are actual Peter-penny coins in existence with the names of other towns besides the above mentioned. The coin in question is now very rare; but there is reason to believe, from the specimens extant, that it was manufactured in every cathedral town, from whence it was sent to Rome, to be there melted into solid bars of silver. The token was of fine silver, forty-eight solidi, or two hundred and forty *denarii* to a pound's weight, with a *Sci Petri M.* (*Sancti Petri Moneta*) stamped on one side, and the place of the mint—for example, *Eboraci civitas* (the city of York)—on the other. The Imperial Library at Paris is in possession of several coins of this description, still in a fine state of preservation.

The final and real abolition of the St Peter's tax rests with the monarch who, as Mr Froude maintains, 'in trying times sustained nobly the honour of the English name, and carried the commonwealth securely through the hardest crisis in its history'—Henry VIII. By especial command of the king, a bill was

brought into the House of Lords, July 4, 1537, which swept away every vestige of the *elemosyna Sti Petri*. In the preamble of this bill, which passed both Houses after but a few days' discussion, it is said that it is 'the bishop of Rome, whom some call the pope, who has long darkened God's word, that it might serve his pomp, glory, avarice, ambition, and tyranny, both upon the souls, bodies, and goods of all Christians, excluding Christ out of the rule of men's souls, and princes out of their dominions, and who has exacted in England great sums by various superstitious ways.' His usurpation,' the bill continues, 'has been at divers times by law put down in this nation, yet many of his emissaries have been practising up and down the kingdom, and persuading the people to acknowledge his pretended authority. Therefore, every person so offending, after the last day of July next to come, is to incur the pains of a *præmunire*; and all officers, both civil and ecclesiastical, are commanded to make inquiry about such offences under severe penalties.' This statute, rigorously put into operation, at length annihilated the grievously oppressive St Peter's tax—a tax which had been lying on England for more than eight centuries, and produced immense riches to the papal see. Lorenzo Priuli, a Roman historian, states that Pope Sixtus V. bitterly lamented the folly of his predecessor, Clement VII., for allowing England to escape from the sovereignty of the mother-church, which, he thought, might have been prevented by some timely concessions. 'This England,' his Holiness exclaimed, 'has been an ever-bountiful field of supply to us; and, now we have lost it, what will become of us?'

Various popes, and, in particular, Gregory VII., strove hard to import the principle of the *elemosyna Sti Petri* into other countries besides England and Ireland, but with scarcely any success. Small sums were obtained from several other Catholic countries; the contributions, however, were very irregular, and in no way to be compared to the vast revenue derived from the subjects of Great Britain. King Alfonso I. of Portugal agreed, in 1142, to pay an annual tax of four ounces of gold to the apostolic see for maintaining a Portuguese college; but as the establishment was never built, his successor, Alfonso III., in 1275, repealed the grant; notwithstanding the threat of ban and interdict. The Duke of Apulia and Calabria, Robert Guiscard, promised, in 1059, to pay twelve *denarii papienis moneta* annually on every pair of oxen within his dominions; but the contribution was not forwarded to Rome for longer than a century—be it that all the oxen died, or that the religious zeal of the Calabrians cooled down. A little more successful was the attempt of the popes to get the Peter's tax from Poland. This kingdom, in the middle of the eleventh century, was in a most anarchical state, the legitimate king, Casimir I., having fled to France, and become the inmate of the monastery of Clugny, and lawless barons and feudal lords ruling in his absence. The country was on the brink of destruction, being threatened with an irruption of the Bohemians, when finally, as a last desperate remedy, an assembly of the states was got together, and a deputation elected to bring the king back from his retreat; but Casimir had already taken the vow as monk, so that it was necessary to obtain the papal dispensation.

Pope Benedict IX., then ruling, at first seemed reluctant to grant the necessary bull, and only came to terms when the Poles had solemnly engaged to pay for ever an annual *obolus Sti Petri*, to be exacted from every man in the kingdom, with the sole exception of the members of the clergy and nobility. Part of the tax so obtained was to serve to keep a perpetual lamp burning in the church of St Peter's at Rome, the rest to go to the pope for supervising the arrangement. The Poles paid this contribution for about three centuries, during which time, it is computed, a sum of money equal to about half a million

of florins found its way to Rome. Some of these Polish Peter-pence are still to be met occasionally on the banks of the Vistula, where they are highly prized, being held of sovereign efficacy in cases of dangerous accouchement, when they are to be tied to the feet of the patient. Those Polish coins are greatly inferior to their English brethren, being of very base metal, a mixture of copper and silver, of the value of about a farthing of present money. The coins still extant shew on the one side the Polish eagle, and on the other St Peter, with the key in his uplifted left hand.

As far as the ancient coin is concerned, the denarius St. Petri is now a thing of the past, an object valued only by numismatic collectors. But the tax itself has by no means as yet altogether disappeared, though, from a forced, it has become a voluntary gift. The pope himself is now above St Peter's pence and hearth-money; but the business of foreign-tax collecting is continued by a distinguished society of cardinals and priests, called the 'Archbrotherhood of St Peter's Pence,' established within the last few years, on the wreck of the papal treasury. The last annual meeting of the 'Archbrotherhood' was held on the 15th of August of the present year, when Monsignor Nardi, the president, gave a full account of the operations of the society. It appears, from this account, that the number of Peter's pence collected in 1860 amounted to, in round numbers: from France, L.320,000; Austria, L.80,000; Ireland, L.70,000; Italy, L.8000. There is eloquent speech in these few dry figures. England, the wonderful milch-cow of the apostolic treasury, has disappeared from the field to which she was transported by old King Ina, eleven hundred years ago, and her place has been taken, to some extent, by France, Austria, and Ireland. Yet they altogether produce but a fraction of the valuable *scot* once given by the mother of Peter's pence. Sixtus V. was right; there is no country in the world like England for giving off cash on a delicate pressure. German sovereigns know it, and Spanish generals and Indian princes; but the successors of the apostle Peter found it out long before any of them. And they are now the first to feel the loss.

MR LIVERWING.

I SUPPOSE there never was a large family, of some member of which it could not have been observed with truth, that he was 'not so sharp as he should be.' Perhaps none of us are quite so sharp as we should be in one sense; and I am sure, for my own part, that I learned as little as possible at all my schools, and forgot that little with the most misplaced celerity and dispatch. But I am referring, not to the indisposition to learn—which I hope is common to all highly organised natures—but to the inability. I am speaking of those unfortunate persons who mingle with the rest of the world, but with reference to whom the rest of the world put their forefingers to their foreheads and wink in a sagacious and mysterious manner: to the people who are said to be 'touched in the upper decks,' or 'not Solomon's eldest,' and who, in the ancient days of private lunatic asylums, would have run great risk of being locked up by their heirs-at-law for their natural lives. Mr Dick in *David Copperfield* is perhaps the most admirable type of this class of person, and I have had the privilege of knowing his twin-brother, Mr Liverwing, for many years. He resided, and resides now, with his cousins at Liverpool; and when I was first appointed agent at that place for the Locofanti Wine Company, I happened to take apartments in the same house.

That appointment was a great windfall for me at the time, when I was getting rather tired of 'looking about me,' and of that state of inactive preparation which is termed the being 'ready to turn one's

hand to anything.' Nobody who has not tried the experiment can tell how difficult an oyster to open the world is, and what a very great advantage it is to get it opened for you. It is easy enough, however, to procure gratuitous pepper and vinegar, in such phrases as, 'What an idle young fellow that is!' 'What chances that thriftless Good-for-nothing has thrown away!' and I had been dowered with a great superfluity of those remarks during eighteen months or so of waiting upon Providence. I was idle, it is true, because I had nothing to do; but as for the chances, I protest I never set eyes on any save those very suspicious ones in the *Times* newspaper, headed 'A Fortune for Five Shillings,' or 'How to secure a Competence for Eighteenpence.' To be sure, some people said that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not becoming a light-porter, a crossing-sweeper, a linen-draper's apprentice, and a number of other equally attractive things, rather than live, as I was doing, upon my friends and relatives; but it is really far easier (and infinitely more pleasant) to offer advice of that nature to others than to follow it oneself. It would be, I argued, what the mechanics call a waste of power in one who had had a Public School and University education to embrace any of those suggested callings, as well as absolutely detrimental to obtaining, afterwards, anything really good; and in the meantime, I resided with my bachelor uncle.

This relative was as true-hearted and hospitable an old gentleman as ever breathed stertorously, but of hasty temper and imperious manners, which did not agree with my proud stomach, empty though it would have been but for his kindness. He never got me to give up an opinion in exchange for the best fish he ever set before me, or to modify my expression of it in consideration of the richness of the sauce; and although my opposition not unfrequently gave him the severest indigestion, I believe the fine old gentleman respected me all the more for my independence.

Unhappily, when visitors were at table, my uncle was always inclined to be more dictatorial than usual, and those were naturally the very occasions when I was least of all given to be subservient. Why, indeed, it should be a complaint against poor persons that they are sensitive and 'touchy,' has always surprised me, since personal pride is one of the few attributes of social position that is left to them. Surely the rich and prosperous, who possess the substance, might excuse their less fortunate brethren for clinging to the shadow! My respected relative, however, thought otherwise.

Alderman Gusto of our city; Sir Quack Quenchit, physician-extraordinary to Prince Poopoo Sing; the Rev. Mar Jorum, domestic chaplain to the Earl of Kittlecattle, and several other judges of good things, were my uncle's guests upon a certain feast-day; and the conversation, which had never strayed very wide from that subject, became entirely devoted to 'the vintages' as soon as the cloth was removed. Over the third bottle of sherry there arose as great a contention as over the body of Patroclus. That it was a different wine from the contents of the other two, there was no doubt; but my uncle, with a terrible anathema upon his absent butler, pronounced that it was no sherry at all, but Madeira. After that there ensued a solemn silence, and every man took thought and time before committing himself. Sir Quack Quenchit rolled half a glassful about in his mouth for a minute or two, winking sagely with his left eye throughout the ceremony, and finally admitted that Madeira it was. The Rev. Mar Jorum shook his venerable head until I thought his wig must have dropped off, swallowed the liquor in dispute as slowly as though his throat had been a dropping-well, and gave in his adhesion to the same doctrine. Nobody dared to dispute the combined dicta of these great authorities until it came to my turn, who knew nothing at all about the matter. I imitated the noises and motions of those before me as well as my inexperience

permitted, and then pronounced oracularly, and with a decision that would have done honour to the Bench or the Woolstack, that it was sherry.

The company were electrified; my uncle was almost out of his mind with indignation.

'Confound you, sir! how dare you set yourself up in opposition to my opinion, and also,' added he, in a more mitigated tone, 'to the opinions of these gentlemen?'

'My dear sir,' returned I with calmness, and taking another sip at the golden liquid, 'the matter is one of fact, and not of opinion; and you're all wrong, and it's sherry.'

'It is not sherry!' roared my uncle. 'I will cut you off with a shilling. You shall never more dine at this table as long as you live. You may well look at him, Gusto—confound his impudence!—for you will not see him here again. Now, what do you say, alderman? What Madeira have we here?'

The alderman, who had been holding the wine up to the light, smelling it, and letting it trickle between his lips for the last five minutes, was now entirely occupied in staring at me.

'Good heavens!' cried he, 'what a palate that young man has for his age! I didn't begin to enjoy life myself till I was forty. There are not ten men in all England who would have known for certain—who would have staked their prospects in life, as your nephew has done—that this wine was not Madeira.'

'It is Madeira!' reiterated my uncle savagely. 'Pooh, pooh,' returned Gusto; 'don't contradict me. It's sherry. Send for the butler.'

The butler protested that the wine had come out of the same bin as did the previous bottles, and the cork being produced, with some mysterious seal upon it, my uncle was obliged to admit that a certain very rare and luscious sherry had got mixed with his own particular liquor.

After dinner, the alderman took me aside, and asked me whether I would be the agent at Liverpool for the Locofanti Wine Company, of the Direction of which he was chairman. 'We will make it well worth your while,' said he, as I was pretending to hesitate; 'I should never forgive myself if I lost them such a palate as yours for the sake of a hundred a year or so.'

My uncle shrugged his shoulders when I told him of the appointment, and in giving me a tolerable sum to start with, made it a special stipulation that I should never bother him with any samples, choice or otherwise, of my own choosing; but with a eulogium from Alderman Gusto, and five hundred a year, paid quarterly, I could very well afford to bear a little depreciation. And now upon the very harbour-bar of Prosperity, a circumstance occurred which well-nigh made shipwreck of all my fortunes. In the house at Liverpool, in which I occupied the dining-room floor, lived also, upon the floor above, a most respectable family—the Mirmadens—connected in some way or other with the Docks, and the Shipping, and Foreign Parts. My sleeping-apartment being at the very top of the house, I was often met by male and female Mirmadens descending or ascending the stairs, which were narrow; whereupon ensued first bows, and then graceful apologies. On one occasion, I was so fortunate as to pick up a handkerchief emblazoned with the initials M. I. M. (for Matilda Isabella, the youngest of the three young ladies), and I had it washed and 'got up,' and presented, with my best compliments, in an enormous penny envelope, to its legitimate owner; after which, an invitation to tea (as I had cunningly foreseen) became a matter of absolute necessity. Mrs Mirmaden welcomed me with dignified hospitality at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to her three daughters and two sons; but Mr Mirmaden (as I then took him to be) came half-way down the stairs to greet me, and wrung my hand as though I had rescued Matilda Isabella from

the most horrible of deaths. This gentleman was, however, Mr Liverwing, and it was only his peculiar eccentricity which led him to imagine that he was Mrs Mirmaden's husband. He had no foundation whatever for such a belief, but he paid the family a very considerable sum *per annum* for the privilege of entertaining it without contradiction. The late Mr Mirmaden had indeed been his first-cousin, but that circumstance did not, of course, entitle him to consider himself married to his widow; and yet she always called him 'papa,' and her daughters (which was worse) always called him 'papa,' as well as the young men who were connected with the shipping interest, so that there was no other course open to me (even if I had been looking for one) than to call him Mr Mirmaden.

'Liverwing, Liverwing,' observed he testily; 'my name is Bartholomew Liverwing, at your service.'

'Yes,' corroborated Matilda Isabella, as I looked aghast, 'dear papa's name is Liverwing. It always surprises strangers, but such is nevertheless the fact.' And presently, when Mr Liverwing had sat himself down to an enormous desk, in a corner which I afterwards found out to be peculiarly his own, Mrs Mirmaden quietly confided to me the whole explanation of the affair. 'With the exception of this singular hallucination,' said she, 'and of an inextinguishable delight in writing letters—of which he composes about one hundred and fifteen daily—he is as sane a man as any in Liverpool. We are his only living relatives, and it is our painful duty to take care of him, and put up with his little eccentricities; for which inconvenience, indeed, we receive an ample remuneration.'

The open and straightforward character of this speech was in strict accordance with the nature of this lady. My intimacy with her and her family—and especially with Matilda Isabella—increased every day, and I began to bless my stars that the Mirmadens had got the first floor. I even found Mr Liverwing to be far from an unpleasant companion; and he, on his part, was so far pleased with my friendliness, as to observe, with a wink of much sagacity in the direction of M. I., that he would like to be my papa some day, as well as hers. For the three weeks that followed upon my introduction to him and his reputed wife and offspring, I was, in short, as happy a man as ever owned a palate.

At the end of a month, I had to make my first official Report to the Locofanti Wine Company. My facts were favourable enough, and I felt that my employers had no reason to be dissatisfied with my exertions; but still I found it a little difficult to compass the peculiar kind of literature required. Sonnets or poems of the affections I could, at that period of life, have dashed off without the least effort; I had even composed, with comparative ease, an acrostic upon a certain young lady that very week; but the framing of the Report took me three whole days; and when I had finished it, I left it on my table in its official envelope, lest some happy finishing touches might occur to me before the afternoon post went out. In the meantime, I took a walk to the Docks and among the marts of Commerce, in hopes of inspiration, as a poet might have gone into a clover-field, or down to the sea-side, or to the top of a great hill, in search of his more spiritual materials. It is possible that I might, by this means, have rendered the document a perfect model in its way, to be looked up to and endeavoured after by all generations of wine company's agents that should come after me, had not a circumstance occurred which set me thinking upon other things.

In one of the Docks, I came upon a great ship undergoing some process of repair. I think she must have 'missed stays' (but I speak under correction, being perfectly ignorant of nautical matters), for people were building about her an immense ribwork of wood,

as if to supply some deficiency of that nature. Hearing some bystanders pass compliments upon her personal appearance, I took the trouble to walk round to the but-end of her and read her name. She was called the *Liverwing*, and her owners were the Messrs Mirmaden. It was clear, therefore, that my new acquaintances were persons of no little property. Her tonnage was a great number of figures—either 1700 or 17,000, I could not quite catch which, on account of my informant having a quid of tobacco in his mouth—and her copper bottom glistened like gold.

'Beautiful Matilda Isabella,' murmured I, 'your argosies shall carry forth the Locofanti Wine Company's produce to the ends of the earth!'

Then I repeated my acrostic—the whole twenty-three lines of it—to myself, word for word, and over and over again, until I almost cried, for poetry always moves me tremendously. I think I *should* have cried, but that all of a sudden it struck the quarter to post-time, and I had to take a cab and drive off frantically home without one new idea for the Report, even if there had been time to put it in. Conceive my horror, upon finding, when I reached my room, that that precious composition had vanished, and how it was mitigated when the maid assured me that she had posted it herself!

'I thought as it ought to go, sir, lying there ready stamped and directed, so I just put it into the box along with Mr Liverwing's five-and-twenty.'

'But it was not fastened, my good girl; the envelope was open!'

'No, sir, it wasn't; because I tried to—because, I particularly examined the sticky part, and it was quite fast.'

From this naïve admission, I gathered that she must at least be telling the truth; and yet I had the most perfect recollection of leaving the thing unfastened. It was certainly very extraordinary; but I thought nothing more about it—about anything but Matilda Isabella—for the next eight-and-forty hours, at the expiration of which I received the following letter:

'SIR—If the addition to the Report which came to hand this morning was not written under the influence of liquor, you must be mad, and therefore unfit to be our agent. If you were intoxicated (at 4 P.M.), it is equally impossible that you should continue to hold your present situation. Your statement of business matters is satisfactory and creditable to yourself; but the lampon with which you have thought proper to conclude, in the lines commencing—

I don't care a cus
For Alderman Gus, &c.,

is so offensive, not only to its subject, the chairman, but to the whole direction, that they have unanimously agreed to your dismissal.

(By order of the Board.)

JONATHAN GRIMBOY, Secy

I sank down upon the horse-hair sofa, and covered my face in a transport of wretchedness. How long I remained in that uncomfortable position, I know not; but a gentle touch upon my shoulder, and a silvery voice within my ear, recalled me to myself and to Matilda Isabella. She was standing before me with a tear in each of her large eyes, and evidently, though mutely, inquiring What was the matter. I, too, was unable to articulate, and referred her with a despairing forefinger to Mr Grimboy's letter.

'Did you leave your Report where anybody could get at it in your absence?' inquired she, when she had possessed herself of the fatal news; 'or did you lock it up?'

'I left it on the table, and, as I believe the envelope was unfastened.'

Then Matilda Isabella began to laugh in what I could not but consider an unseemly manner.

'It's poor dear papa,' said she; 'he can never resist adding things to people's letters when he gets a

chance, and he can imitate anybody's handwriting in the world at sight.'

I rushed to the table, and wrote a letter both to Alderman Gusto and to Grimboy, explaining matters; and then I ran out to the telegraph-office, and explained them again. Before evening, the glad news was flashed back by the intelligent wire that all was forgotten and forgiven, and that I was still the agent for the Locofanti Wine Company. I proposed to Matilda Isabella that very evening, and the dear creature accepted me: she made only one condition, which was, that I should not rebuke Mr Liverwing for his breach of good-manners in opening my epistle, and making thereto the poetical addition which had so nearly lost me my means of livelihood. She even added: 'You know, my love, it may not have been poor dear papa at all.'

But that very same evening, when I happened to be in the vicinity of his corner of the drawing-room, I heard him humming to himself—

I don't care a cus
For Alderman Gus,

and all the rest of it, so that there is not the slightest doubt on my own mind as to the authorship of that elegant poem. Ever since that day, I have always taken care to seal my letters before leaving them to be posted, and with that precaution, have got on with Mr Liverwing most admirably. He insists upon my considering him as my parent in common with the rest of the family, and I accede to his innocent desire; compliance pleases him, and doesn't hurt me.

Through long habit and familiarity—for M. I. M. has exchanged her final initial for mine these many years—I have even got to doubt whether Mr Liverwing can be considered to be aberrated. At all events, I should like to see any one venturing to dispute his will (which is a most excellent one) upon that ground. We take great care, however, to keep the document out of his way, for fear he should perpetrate a codicil—in Hudibrastic verse—which he has expressed himself anxious to execute.

BITS OF LUCK.

Few people are aware how much we owe to accidents. That we often lose by them, is indeed true. Property is destroyed to a frightful extent, valuable lives are sacrificed, or a work on which years of labour and ingenuity have been spent, is suddenly rendered useless; but, on the whole, I believe the world is a gainer by accidents. They have added, beyond the power of calculation, to our stock of knowledge and riches. Without them, the astronomer would never have been supplied with his telescope or pendulum; many of the conveniences and necessities of life, as we now consider them, would be unknown; and much of the wealth floating about in the world, and finding employment for thousands, would be lying undiscovered in the bowels of the earth. Accidents of the kind I am speaking of are indeed no more than friendly hints of nature, which require attentive minds to seize upon and understand them. The thoughtless or careless would pass them for ages day after day, and never be a jot the wiser or better for them.

There must be a quick eye, and a mind as sensitive as the prepared paper of the photographer, to catch these hints. While the eye sees, the mind must seize upon and retain the lesson. Mr Smiles, in his *Self-help*, gives a most admirable case in point. 'While Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel, Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner;

and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge.' A most trifling incident this, it would seem, and yet what beautiful results it has led to! His mind was thoroughly prepared for the slightest impression, and a spider's web was sufficient to imprint upon it an idea which has eventuated in such stupendous yet beautiful networks as that which spans the Menai Strait. I never look on one of these triumphs of engineering skill without remembering that a little spider was the first constructor of suspension bridges, and gave the hint to man.

But perhaps there seems too little of accident in this for some persons; they would like a more decided case—a man picking up a stone, and finding it a lump of silver, or something that was really worth calling a 'piece of luck.' Here, then, is the very thing. Darwin tells us of a man who was driving a loaded donkey over one of the mountains of the Cordillera chain, and wishing to make the animal quicken his pace, took up a stone to throw at it. Thinking the stone heavy, he picked it up again to examine it, and to his astonishment found it full of pure silver! The man, though a brute, was something of a philosopher; he judged that there was more of the precious ore where this had come from, and began to search for the vein; for the joint action of the sun and rain wears down the rocks, and sets free portions of the precious metals embedded in them, which roll down into the valleys below. He was rewarded for his search by finding the vein of silver at no great distance, standing up in the form of a wedge out of the bare mountain-side. This was no other than the famous mine of Chanuncillo, from which silver to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds was raised in the course of a few years.

Lucky accidents have been no less favourable to the cause of science. Glass was first discovered by accident, at least so Pliny tells us, and his account is generally received as the most probable. 'Some mariners,' he writes, 'who had a cargo of *nitrum* (salt, or, as some have supposed, soda) on board, having landed on the banks of the river Belus, a small stream at the base of Mount Carmel in Palestine, and finding no stones to rest their pots upon, placed under them some masses of *nitrum*, which, being fused by the heat with the sand of the river, produced a liquid and transparent stream: such was the origin of glass.' In process of time glass developed itself into the form of spectacles, and so assisted defective vision; and at this stage, it gave birth to the telescope.

It seems scarcely credible that that wonderful, far-seeing instrument, which brings the most distant worlds under our curious ken, should have had its origin in children's play; yet so it is. The children of a spectacle-maker in Middleburg were allowed at times—probably on wet days—to play in their father's workshop. On one of these occasions, they were amusing themselves with some spectacle-glasses, when one of them placed *two* together, one before the other, and looked through them, at the weathercock on a neighbouring steeple. To the child's astonishment, the vane appeared larger and nearer to it than when seen through one glass only. The father was called to see the sight, and struck with the singular fact, resolved to turn it to advantage. His first plan was to fix two glasses on a board, by means of brass rings, which might be brought nearer to each other or further off at pleasure. He was thus enabled to see distant objects better and more distinctly than before. The next improvement was to place the glasses in a tube, which may be termed the first telescope. Galileo soon heard of it, and applied it to astronomical purposes. The mention of this great man recalls to mind his *accidental* discovery of the pendulum. A correct time-measure had long been a desideratum in the world. Water-clocks had been tried, and found wanting; Alfred's candles would not do for the world at large. Another lucky accident must supply the

want; and it came as follows: The future great astronomer, though then only a young man, was in the cathedral of Pisa. One of the vergers had been supplying a lamp with oil, which hung from the roof, and left it swinging to and fro; this caught Galileo's attention; and carefully noting it, he observed that it vibrated in equal times, and first conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. It cost him fifty years to complete his pendulum. After the telescope and pendulum, we can hardly pass over Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravity, though it is too well known to require more than naming. An apple accidentally falling to the ground before his face revealed to him this mighty, all-pervading secret of nature! What vast results have sprung from these seeming trifles! Distant worlds have not only been discovered, but weighed and measured; the pathless ocean can be travelled over with the same certainty as if guide-posts were erected every three or four miles; and time can be measured to the greatest nicety!

Should these few facts stimulate but one individual to pay more attention to our great teacher, Nature—to look out for her hints, and try to turn them to good account, it is impossible to say how much richer the world may be through that one man in half a century.

AUTUMNAL DAYS.

It seems but yesterday that merry Spring
Leapt o'er the sea, while clustering round her feet
Sprang buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
And her glad voice made wood and welkin ring.
Now Autumn lords it o'er the quiet lands,
Like Joseph, clad in many-coloured vest,
Flinging rich largess from his bounteous hands,
And calling upon man to be his guest;
Like Joseph, he dispenses needful corn,
And fruitage, too, of many a goodly tree,
So that we may not feel ourselves forlorn,
Pining for sustenance at Nature's knee.
Corn, oil, and wine! there's music in the sound!
Oh, would that none might lack, when such blest gifts
abound!

Not yet is Autumn desolate and cold,
For all his woods are kindling into hues
Of gorgeous beauty, mixed and manifold,
Which in the soul a kindred glow transfuse.
The stubble-fields gleam forth like tarnished gold
In the mild lustre of the temperate day;
And where the ethereal ocean is unrolled,
Light clouds, like barks of silver float away;
Ruffling the colours of the forest-leaves,
The winds make music as they come and go;
Whispers the withering brake; the streamlet grieves,
Or seems to grieve, with a melodious woe;
While in soft notes, that o'er the heart prevail,
The ruddy-breasted robin pours his tender tale.
The varying seasons ever roll, and run
Into each other, like that arc of light,
Born of the shower, and coloured by the sun,
Which spans the heavens when April skies are bright.
First comes green-kirtled Spring, who leadeth on
Blue-mantled Summer, of maturer age,
Sultana of the year. When she is gone,
Gold-girdled Autumn, solemn as a sage,
Reigns for a time, and on earth's ample page
(Illumined by his hand) writes 'Plenty here!'
Then white-cowled Winter steps upon the stage,
Like aged monk, keen, gloomy, and austere.
But he whose soul sustains no cloud or thrall,
Perceives power, beauty, good, and fitness in them all.

J. C. P.

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